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La cause surréaliste, dans l'art comme dans la vie, est la cause même de la liberté. Aujourd'hui, plus que jamais, se réclamer abstraitement de la liberté ou la célébrer en termes conventionnels c'est mal la servir. Pour éclairer le monde la liberté doit se faire chair et pour cela se refléter et se recréer sans cesse dans le Verbe.

A. B.

The surrealist cause, in art as in life, is the cause of freedom itself. Today more than ever to speak abstractly in the name of freedom or to praise it in empty terms is to serve it ill. To light the world freedom must become flesh and to this end must always be reflected and recreated in the *word*.

A. B.

Vernissage consacré aux enfants jouant, à l'odeur du cèdre.

PRIMITIVE ART

Surrealism is only trying to rejoin the most durable traditions of mankind. Among the primitive peoples art always goes beyond what is conventionally and arbitrarily called the "real." The natives of the Northwest Pacific coast, the Pueblos, New Guinea, New Ireland, the Marquesas, among others, have made *objets** which Surrealists particularly appreciate.

* Collections Max Ernst, C. Lévy-Strauss, André Breton, Pierre Matisse, Carlbach, Segredakis.

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First Papers
of Surrealism

hanging by Jacques Hnizdovsky.

his twine Marcel Duchamp

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-Andre Breton-Matta- Gordo
Marcel Duchamp- Max Ernst--

Meric, Serge Brignoni, Hans Bellmer, Oscar Dominguez

FOREWORD

by Sidney Janis

The Surrealist point of view has always been present in the province of art. Blake Bosch, Ucello are but a few of the spiritual stations that carry it deep into the past. These men were isolated from each other, but in the 20th century, the torch is in the hands of a considerable body of artists that has devoted itself as a group to a passionate espousal of the Surrealist spirit. They have identified its essential nature, which is multifold and ever-changing, and given it a name.

This communion, a sort of festive ceremonial dedicated to the imagination, has already persisted for two decades. It is not the factor of time, itself, that is so impressive, for the pure fire of Cubism and collage, which has set in motion continuing metamorphoses of creative energy, was brief in duration, lasting from 1910 to 1913. The imposing fact is that Surrealism from its inception, became and has ever since remained the cardinal germinating source for many of the most gifted and far-seeing artists on the international scene.

What is there in our time that creates the condition favorable for this persistent and magnetic domination? Is it perhaps that Surrealism exists in the very lives of a people functioning in a power age, inherent in the fabulous unreality of living in a shockingly real period; that it is embedded in the fantastic implications underlyng the bald mechanistic aspect of that age?

Certainly it is a manifestation of the personality of our time, of its nervous system and its mentality, for Surrealist works of art synthesize the world of today in esthetic characters solely its own product. These characters help to establish our modern iconography. In making them, there is neither imitation nor concession to familiarity. The moral code of Surrealist artists is the code of science, the disinterested attitude of research. The work of art, a "communicating vessel" of spiritual values, has also become a scientific mirror held up to nature and the contemporary world, where we may see, even if we do not yet recognize, inner and secret processes which only fleetingly come into focus under the spotlight of commonplace reality.

The period in which Dada and Surrealist art, progressive stages out of Cubism, has flourished has been one torn apart by the devastation of wars and interwar defeatism. Far from being paralyzed by such a state of affairs, Dada lashed out anarchistically to destroy the content, the materials, the very values of art, and Surrealism, christened with the first manifesto of André Breton in 1924, proceeded with this heritage toward the goal of "revolution in consciousness."

It is not remarkable that Surrealism should have evolved this viewpoint—the esthetic counterpart of an attitude fecundated in the world-mind by cataclysmic changes in science and industry. Even in esthetics, this reorientation had already begun on an all-encompassing scale in Cubism and collage. But the Surrealists formulated a concrete program and began systematically to develop it. Taking a "revolution in consciousness" to correspond first and foremost with psychological

processes, they obtained the key from the great realist, Freud, for releasing material from that vast domain hitherto considered obscure and unfathomable, the realm of the unconscious.

Surrealist art, transmuting subjective elements into visual images with the invention of symbols equal in ingenuity to the invention of machines, levels off conscious with unconscious processes, and by this act renders them both phenomenal. Pictorially it gives form to the anatomy of intangible reality—the grain of modern sensibilitites, the substance of feelings, of automatic responses and associations, dreams, totem, myth and fable, of the intimate nature of things and the nature of the intimate relations of things.

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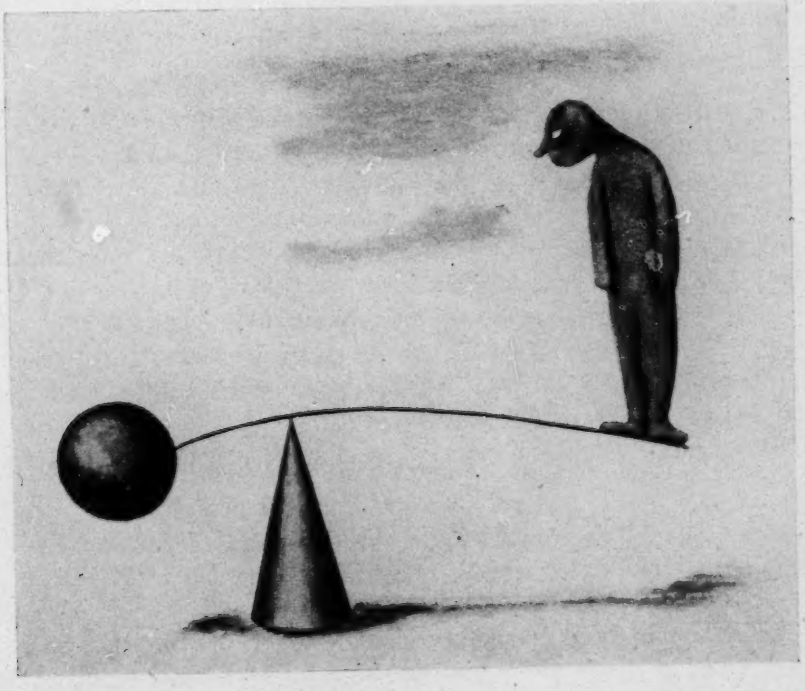
There was an Old Person of Spain,
Who hated all trouble and pain ;
So he sat on a chair,
With his feet in the air,
That umbrageous Old Person of Spain.

Edward Lear



William Steig *Ennui* (1939)

EXPLORERS OF THE PLURIVERSE

The "realist" polishes his lenses to capture the fleeting aspects of the external world. He prides himself upon the soundness and the sanity of his vision. The totality of that objective world he never doubts. But there are others: they cultivate the inner vision, abandon the paved highway of standardized points of view, brave the quicksands of non-conformity, and seek their own path through the jungle of subjectivity. For artists of this type, no less than seers and poets, the external world provides no more than the symbols and alphabet of communication, and the "field" into which they may project their visions.

Such adventurers are by no means alien newcomers to this continent. America has produced pioneers of the inward realm no less than of distant horizons. Old Cotton Mather himself published a book entitled "The Wonders of the Invisible World" which contains passages reminiscent of the diabolic visions of Hieronymus Bosch. Jonathan Edwards, in the middle of the eighteenth century, preached his famous sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," which literally had his listeners writhing in the aisles. Its power was generated by the inner compulsion of Jonathan's obsession, a compulsion that exploded like a bomb into fiery, devastating eloquence, which spread terror among the credulous. Some such obsessive power has been exercised by prophets and messiahs of all the egregious sects and cults which have proliferated upon this continent. The folk-lore and folk-art of such cults, from Mother Ann Lee and Joseph Smith to Father Divine, invites examination and preservation.

I have neither time nor space to touch more than superficially upon the endless procession of native eccentrics who have, in various media and arts, sought to project their obsessive vision of the invisible. Edgar Allan Poe springs most directly to mind—though without doubt the psycho-analysts and psychiatrists have picked this case to the bone. Poe is a superb example of "marginal" consciousness—the eternal rebel, Lucifer the fallen, diabolically possessed, driven to express his inner vision of a demonic universe. In Poe, everything is calculated and cryptographic, all motives are malefic. A sort of mephitic ether numbs the reader with this poet's specially concocted poison, in which state he senses the erotic obscenity, half-masked, in such lines as these—

"Well I know this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well I know this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted region of Weir."

Herman Melville is another giant who utilized the space-time symbols of the outward world to project the sombre vision of his sombre universe. In "Benito Cereno" he presents a vivid allegory of appearance and reality, puncturing the safe and sane

assumptions of the "normal" vision. In the words of the victim, Don Benito, he points his moral:

> " . . . you were with me all day; stood with me, sat with me, talked with me, looked at me, ate with me; and yet your last act was to clutch for a villain not only an innocent man, but the most pitiable of all men. To such degree may malign machinations and deceptions impose. So far may even the best man err, in judging the conduct of one with the recesses of whose condition he is not acquainted."

William James rescued from oblivion the obscure genius of Benjamin Paul Blood (1832-1919). Blood was a village philosopher of Amsterdam, New York, most of whose literary output consisted of letters addressed to the editors of Utica newspapers. He also published visionary poems at his own expense. Blood discovered the "anaesthetic revelation," and believed that the deepest insight into reality came just as the individual consciousness takes flight under the influence of ether or some such anaesthetic. The illuminating moments so experienced led him to the formulation of a philosophy of the "Pluriverse," as opposed to our commonly accepted "Universe." "Certainty is the root of despair," Blood asserted. "The Inevitable stales, while doubt and hope are sisters. Not unfortunately the Universe is wild—game-flavoured as a hawk's wing. Nature is miracle all. She knows no laws: the same returns not, save to bring the different. . . . " Blood's "Pluriverse" was published in 1920, the year after his death: but his work and vision still await exhaustive examination.

If, too often, Blood wrote in the pedestrian measures of his own period, he succeeded at times in liberating himself from the network of current verbiage that hindered his flight into super-consciousness. Nor, as his "poetical Alphabet" demonstrates, was he without humor. Thus, independently of Rimbaud, he diagnosed the vowels, and wrote of the "Absurd genius of *U* flat":

> "U, guttural, or flat, is a humorous savage, best described in his own words: a huge, lubberly, blundering dunderhead, a blubbering numskull and a dunce, ugly, sullen, dull, clumsy, rugged, gullible, glum, dumpish, lugubrious—a stumbler, mumbler, bungler, grumbler, jumbler—a grunter, thumper, tumbler, stunner—a drudge, a trudge; he lugs, tugs, sucks, juggles, and is up to all manner of bulls—a musty, fussy, crusty, disgusting brute. . . ."

These homegrown eccentrics of ours are specimens all of the marginal consciousness, doughty defenders of the subjective from the regimented invasion and standardized error of the external world. It is fortunate for us that the spirit of Charles Hoy Fort lives on in his published work.*

This Socrates of the Bronx died in 1932. He was primarily a collector of newspaper clippings; out of these clippings, by a craft of literary *collage* and *montage*, Fort managed to project his picture of a paradoxical and highly unpredictable universe. He was

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* THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT. Published for the Fortean Society by Henry Holt and Company. New York: 1941.

a connoisseur of the incredible—a snatcher up of unconsidered, yet disconcerting, trifles —the alogical, the illogical, the analogical, the neological.

"We shall have a procession of data that Science has excluded," Charles Fort challenged. And so he marshals his army of incredible details—of snowflakes the size of saucers, of black rains, red rains, the fall of a thousand tons of butter, of jet-black snow, pink snow, blue hailstones, of hailstones with the flavor of oranges. In response to a query Charles Fort confessed his faith in "the oneness of allness." Furthermore:

> " . . .we and all other appearances or phantasms in a superdream are expressions of one cosmic flow or graduation between them; one called disorder, unreality, inequilibrium, ugliness, discord, inconsistency; the other called order, realness, equilibrium, beauty, harmony, justice, truth. . . . "

In the visual arts, the eccentric or subjective craftsman has been ridiculed and rejected by his contemporaries. One recalls immediately the case of Albert Ryder and the tardy acclamation of his genius; and more recently, that of Louis Eilshemius, who despite belated appreciation, passed so many years of his lonely life as a figure of ridicule. In the arts, as in other realms we have, on the whole, placed too high a value upon "standard equipment" and have too long remained inhospitable, to borrow the words of the poet, to "all things counter, original, spare, strange."

It is fortunate that a new spirit is emerging at last. Despite the exigencies of our hot, sputtering immediacy, this spirit recognizes the sanctity of expression in all forms, and values authenticity rather than empty professionalism. This spirit is no longer frightened by the expression of obsession and delusion. For without such compulsions, bereft of fire and vitality, expression dies.

We have but to use our own eyes, cultivate our own emerging powers of observation, to make our own discoveries of significant eccentrics. Some may be re-discoveries from a more or less forgotten past; others may be hidden in strange out-of-the-way places or pages. I myself have long wondered why some enterprising editor or publisher has never "discovered" the talent of Clark Ashton Smith. I came by chance upon his black bitter humor in the pages of a pulp-paper magazine devoted to quasi-scientific fiction. Clark Ashton Smith writes of interplanetary exploration — the common matter of such publications — but he possesses a power to transmute this base material into an imaginative and humorous allegory of human aspirations. Three explorers of the outer universe rocket through space so swiftly that they seem not to be moving at all. Overcome by the monotony of the speedless speed which seemed to be motionless, two of these adventurers murder their companion, and cast the body from the rocket-plane. There it floats and follows them with accusing immobility—since the plane itself is the only body exerting any gravitational pull in that vast emptiness!

Maybe here is a fable for the rest of us. In our frenzied rocketing through time and space, we too, may have cast out the misunderstood visionary from our midst. But he too belongs to our common humanity. However evident his eccentricity may appear to our eyes, let us not forget that self-propitiation does not in itself insure immunity from self-deception.

R. A. PARKER

DE LA SURVIVANCE DE CERTAINS MYTHES ET DE QUELQUES AUTRES MYTHES EN CROISSANCE OU EN FORMATION

On the Survival of Certain Myths and on Some Other Myths In Growth or Formation

Mise en scène d'André Breton

Bosch: Détail
(*La Fontaine de Vie*)

Dès que l'aurore a paru, les filles vont cueillir des roses.

(*Lautréamont*)

Luis Buñuel:
Parfois,
le dimanche . . .
(L'Age d'or, 1931)

ORPHÉE

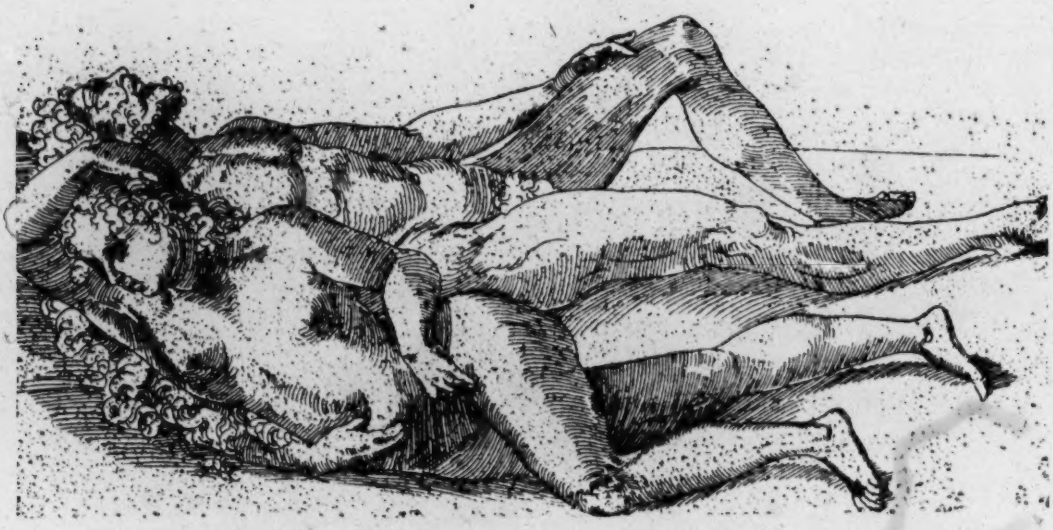
Boucher: Détail

Et tandis que le monde vivait et variait
Le cortège des femmes long comme un jour sans pain
Suivait la rue de la Verrerie l'heureux musicien

(*Guillaume Apollinaire*)

Yves Tanguy 1942

Le grand nacré au seuil de la nuit



Baldung: *Adam et Eve*

L'histoire de la Chute met en lumière le retentissement universel de la connaissance sur la vie spirituelle.

(*Hegel*)

M.D. *A la manière de Delvaux*

LE PÉCHÉ ORIGINEL

Brueghel: Détail

Düsseldorf a été bombardé hier pour la cinquantième fois.

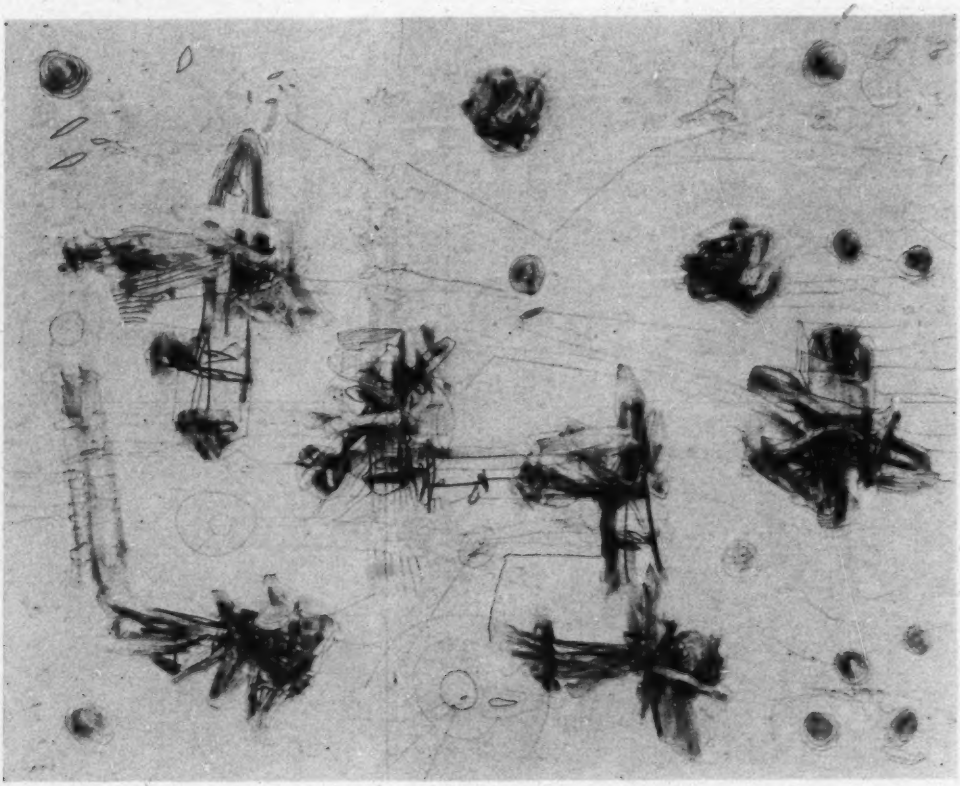
(*Les journaux*)

Marc Chagall: *N'importe où hors du monde* (1912)

LA PIERRE PHILOSOPHALE

Le Trésor des Trésors, de Paracelse

A flanc d'abîme, construit en pierre philosophale, s'ouvre le Château étoilé.
(*André Breton*)



Matta: 1942

LE GRAAL

Picasso: *Crucifixion* (en partie recouverte par *l'as de coupe* de tarot)

L'amère devise qui semble à jamais clore—et ne clore à jamais sur rien d'autre que lui-même le cycle du Graal "Rédemption au Rédempteur" (*Julien Gracq*)

Kurt Seligmann:
Fin de l'automobile (1942)

Que vois-je remuer
autour de ce gibet?
(*Faust*)

L'automate joueur de dames

L'HOMME ARTIFICIEL

Hélène Smith: *Ecriture ultramartienne*

Sans doute, à cet instant, deux amants, dans Vénus
Arrêtés en des bois aux parfums inconnus
Ont, entre deux baisers, regardé notre terre.
(*Charles Cros*)

Max Ernst (1930)

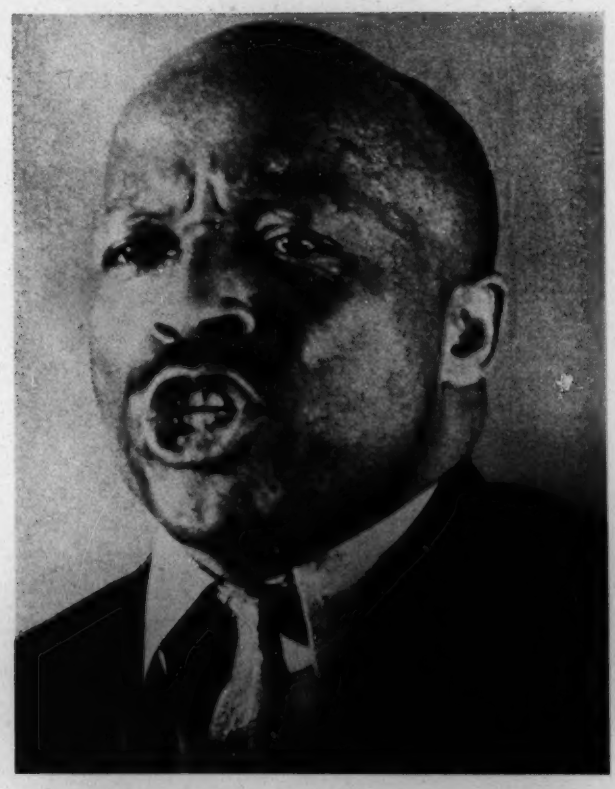
LA COMMUNICATION INTERPLANÉTAIRE

Cagliostro

Cependant la sybille au visage
latin
Est endormie encore sous l'arc
de Constantin:
—Et rien n'a dérangé le sévère
portique.

(*Nerval*)

LE MESSIE

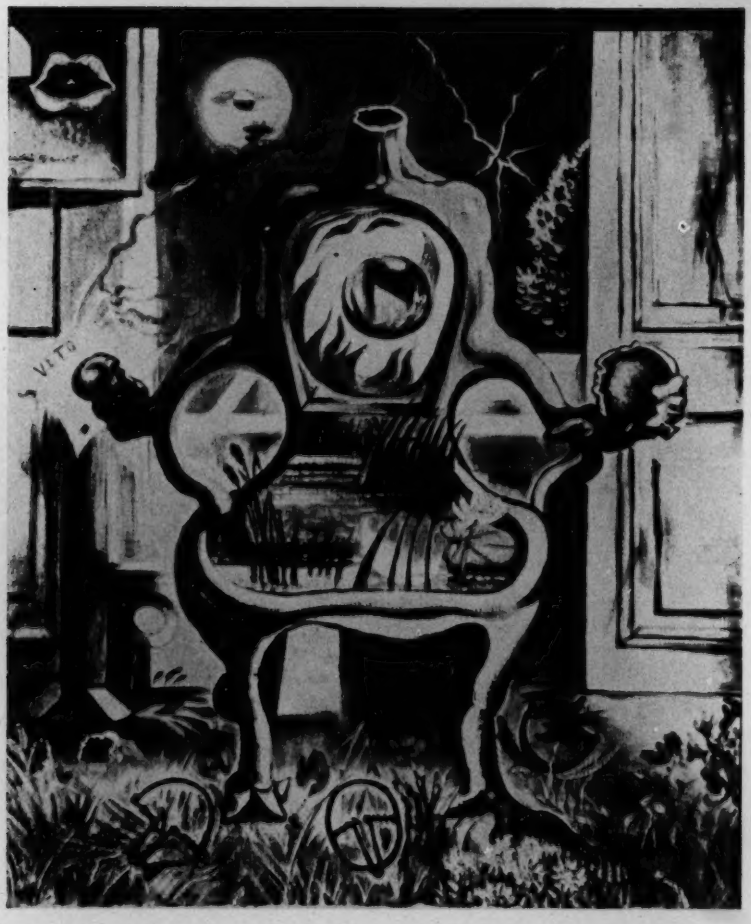


Father Divine

On ne peut régner innocemment.
(*Saint-Just*)

Cléo de Mérode

LA MISE A MORT DU ROI

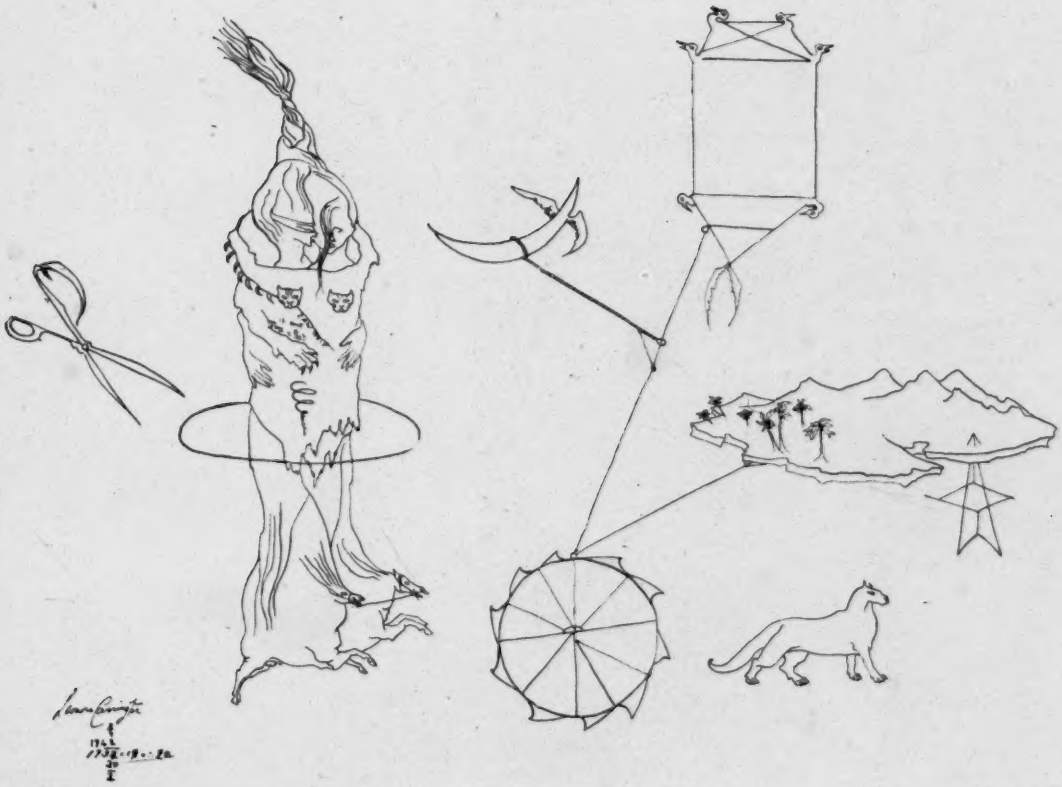


André Masson: *Le Fauteuil Louis XVI* (1938)

O.W.

L'AME SOEUR
(L'Androgyne)

Séraphita-Séraphitus
(*Balzac*)



Leonora Carrington: *Brothers and sisters have I none* (1942)

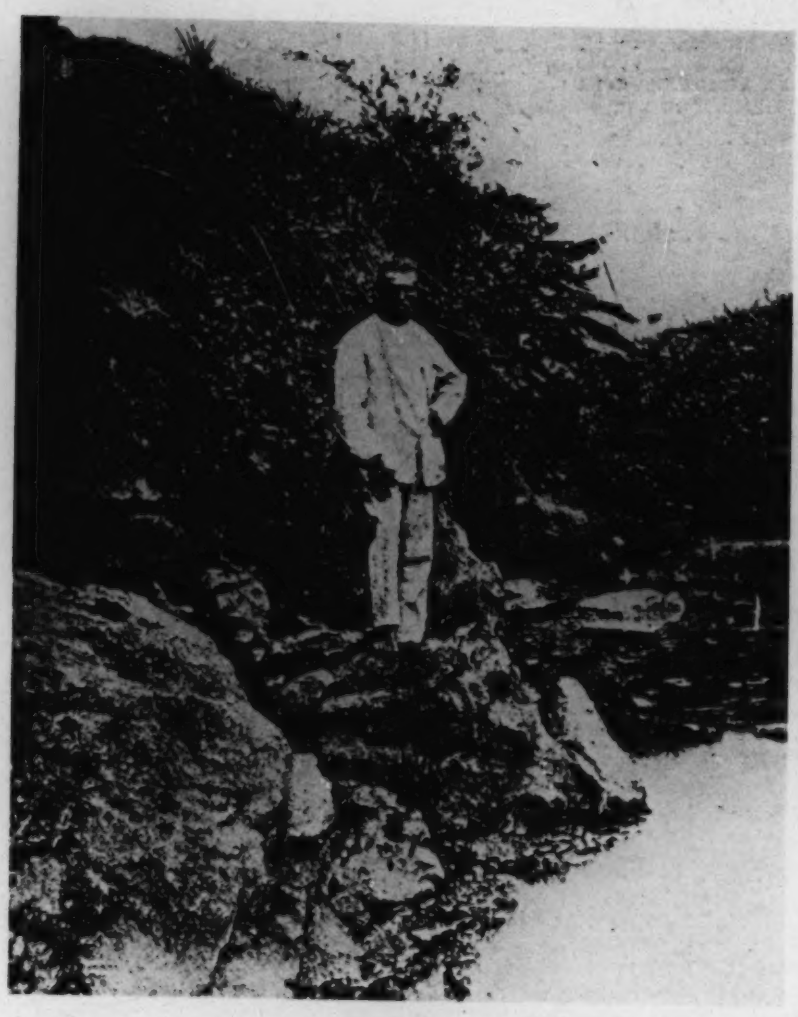
LA SCIENCE TRIOMPHANTE

Puvis de Chavannes: *La bonne et la mauvaise nouvelles*

La science avec un grand S, ou plutôt, car ce n'est pas encore assez imposant . . . la SCIENCE avec une grande SCIE.

(*Alfred Jarry*)

LE MYTHE DE RIMBAUD



Rimbaud au Harrar

Il y a vingt ans que je n'ai plus de livres. Jai brûlé mes papiers aussi. Je rature le vif.

(*Monsieur Teste*)

Chirico: *l'énigme*

LE SURHOMME

1873

Les meubles que vous voyez ici, nous dit notre hôte, sont vivants: tous vont marcher au moindre signe . . . Vous voyez que cette table, ces lustres, ces fauteuils, ne sont composés que de groupes de filles artistiquement arrangés.

(*Sade*)

1942 (*Courtesy of Superman Inc.*)

Il est venu, le . . . le . . . comment se nomme-t-il . . . le . . . le . . . il me semble qu'il me crie son nom et je ne l'entends pas . . . le . . . oui . . . il le crie. J'écoute . . . je ne peux pas . . . répète . . . le . . . Horla . . . J'ai entendu . . . le Horla . . . c'est lui . . . le Horla . . . il est venu. . .

(*Guy de Maupassant*)

LES GRANDS TRANSPARENTS

David Hare:
Hidden fundamental

End of the notes on myths

IN THE MAIL

It is of general interest, in a period such as this, to speculate upon what will be the specific preoccupations of the artist, as well as upon the separate evolution of each particular art form. As to the interpretation of our society, will we regress, stagnate, stand pat, or is there a possibility of a new departure? Is there a rupture taking place in the sphere of human communication, or are we becoming more cohesive? We venture to submit the two following documents, extracts from letters written to our friends Pierre Matisse and J. R. by their fathers in France, as being relevant to this question around which the whole problem of lyrical expression revolves.

". . . faire en peinture ce que j'ai fait en dessin — rentrer dans la peinture sans contradiction comme dans les dahlias — dans le bouquet de fleurs dont tu m'as envoyé la photographie — et qui a besoin de la forte personnalité du peintre pour que la bataille laisse des restes intéressants. Quand j'arrive à l'unité qu'est-ce que je ne détruis pas de moi qui est pourtant intéressant — on me dit c'est transformé, sublimé, je n'en suis pas absolument certain. Je ne m'y retrouve pas tout de suite, le tableau n'est pas une glace qui reflète ce que j'ai vécu en le faisant mais un objet puissant, fort, expressif qui est nouveau pour moi autant que pour quiconque. Quand je peins une table de marbre vert et que finalement je suis obligé de la faire rouge — je ne suis pas entièrement satisfait, il me faut plusieurs mois pour reconnaitre que j'ai créé un nouvel objet qui vaut bien ce que je n'ai pu faire et qui sera remplacé par un autre de même nature quand celui-ci que je n'ai pas peint dans ses apparences aura disparu — éternelle question de l'objectif et du subjectif."

7 Juin 1942 *Henri-Matisse*

Henri-Matisse (1940)

". . . heureusement je viens de finir presque, ou peut-être tout à fait, un tableau commencé il y a un an — et que j'ai mené à l'aventure — en somme presque chacun de mes tableaux est une aventure, c'est ce qui en fait l'intérêt — comme je ne le donne que lorsque l'aventure est terminée et réussie, il n'y a que moi qui en ai les risques. Donc ce tableau qui a commencé très réaliste par une belle brune dormant sur ma table de marbre au milieu de fruits est devenu un ange qui dort sur une surface violette — le plus beau violet que j'ai vu — ses chairs sont de rose de fleur pulpeuse et chaude — et sa robe le corsage d'un bleu pervenche pâle très très doux, et la jupe d'un vert émeraude (avec un peu de blanc dedans) bien caressant soutenu tout ceci par un noir lumineux de jais.

18 Septembre 1940 *Henri-Matisse*

C'est un fait: les poètes parlent parce qu'ils sont édités et écoutés, et que le reste de ce qui se publie n'a guère de rapport avec les Belles-Lettres. Il n'est donc pas, actuellement, d'autre expression que la poésie, et cette possibilité, qui n'est pas sans limites, est encouragée par le succès. A noter aussi que l'audience des poètes s'est organisée spontanément, en dehors des éditeurs consacrés, sans publicité, et qu'elle est l'oeuvre de poètes: ça a commencé par des périodiques et le succès a conduit aux éditions basées sur la souscription, ainsi le voulait la pauvreté des animateurs artisans au plein sens du mot; on y gagne de la bonne typographie. On relève une bonne douzaine de publications dont se détachent "Fontaine" de Max-Pol Fouchet (Alger), "Poesie 42", de Pierre Seghers (Villeneuve-les-Avignon), "L'Arbalète" de Marc Barbezat (Lyon). La Suisse française apporte son concours. A Paris sont apparues "Messages" de Jean Lescure, "Les Cahiers de la Main Enchantée" de Jean Vagne. Le vétéran marseillais, Cahiers du Sud, compte surtout par ses numéros spéciaux, comme "Message de l'Inde" qui fut poétiquement opportun. Le fait est que la "poésie vivante" prend une importance qui étend ses limites; elle informe, exprime; telle qu'elle est, elle seule ouvre des baies sur une vie devenue souterraine et plus mystérieuse qu'on le pense généralement, d'où cette impression qu'elle sort des profondeurs. Ce n'est certainement pas par hasard ou caprice que "Fontaine" a lancé le thème "De la poésie comme exercice spirituel" et que Paul Eluard a choisi "Poésie involontaire et poésie intentionnelle" dont on annonce la parution. D'autres diront les mêmes choses autrement; mais il ne s'agit certainement pas de rouvrir le débat sur la poésie pure, il s'agit peut-être du contraire. Cette "poésie vivante" tend à l'humain, à exprimer l'Homme spirituel lié au charnel; l'événement y a sa source dans l'histoire des hommes et de leurs dieux; elle est enfin libertaire dans la forme et l'inspiration: voir Pierre Emmanuel dans ses poèmes "christiques" où le sentiment religieux s'exprime en dehors des régles théologiques et il est bien d'autres exemples comme cette "Arrivée de l'homme" de Robert Morel qui, lui aussi, ose une humanisation du christ pour en arriver à exalter l'Homme. Tout cela avec une verve, une colère, des imprécations, des tendresses, une force telle que ses racines semblent plonger dans l'insondable de l'Etre. La liberté prend un sens inouï, elle y est le souffle même de la vie. Le poète de 1942 est révolutionnaire, en ce sens qu'il s'évade des routines scolaires, qu'il veut continuer, aller au delà des anciennes frontières poétiques. Oh! la tâche poétique n'en sera pas, je pense, facilitée: la navigation est plus périlleuse en haute mer que sur les plans d'eau morte de MM. Le Nôtre-Boileau. La "poésie vivante" fait penser à un mysticisme humain. C'est, peut-être, que le mystère de la vie de l'Homme, dans sa brièveté temporelle, est devenu plus apparent; effet d'une déchéance que contrarie et contredit ce qui survivra dans un renouvellement; mais alors le surréalisme prend un sens.

L. R.

Benjamin Péret

Pablo Picasso

David Hare

René Magritte

Alberto Giacometti

Circumstances make it impossible for us to represent properly or by their most recent works, a number of artists such as Arp, Bellmer, Dominguez, Picasso (France), Delvaux, Magritte, Ubac (Belgium), Styrsky, Toyen (Czechoslovakia), Giacometti, Meret Oppenheim (Switzerland), Moore, Penrose (England), Alvarez-Bravo, Frances, Frida Kahlo, Onslow-Ford, Remedios (Mexico), Arenas, Caceres (Chile).

Rather than give an insufficient idea of them, we have with regret omitted surrealist objects *from this catalogue.*

Finally, not being able to offer an entirely adequate photographic image of each of the principal exhibitors, we have thought it best here to resort to the general scheme of "compensation portraits." (Suggested by Duchamp and Breton.)

André Breton

Leonora Carrington

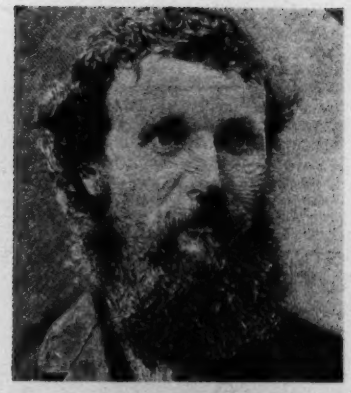
Leonora Carrington *La chasse* (1942)

Peinture exécutée par un aliéné *(Coll. Max Ernst)*

Victor Brauner

Victor Brauner *La Femme en Chatte* (1941)
(Coll. Peggy Guggenheim)

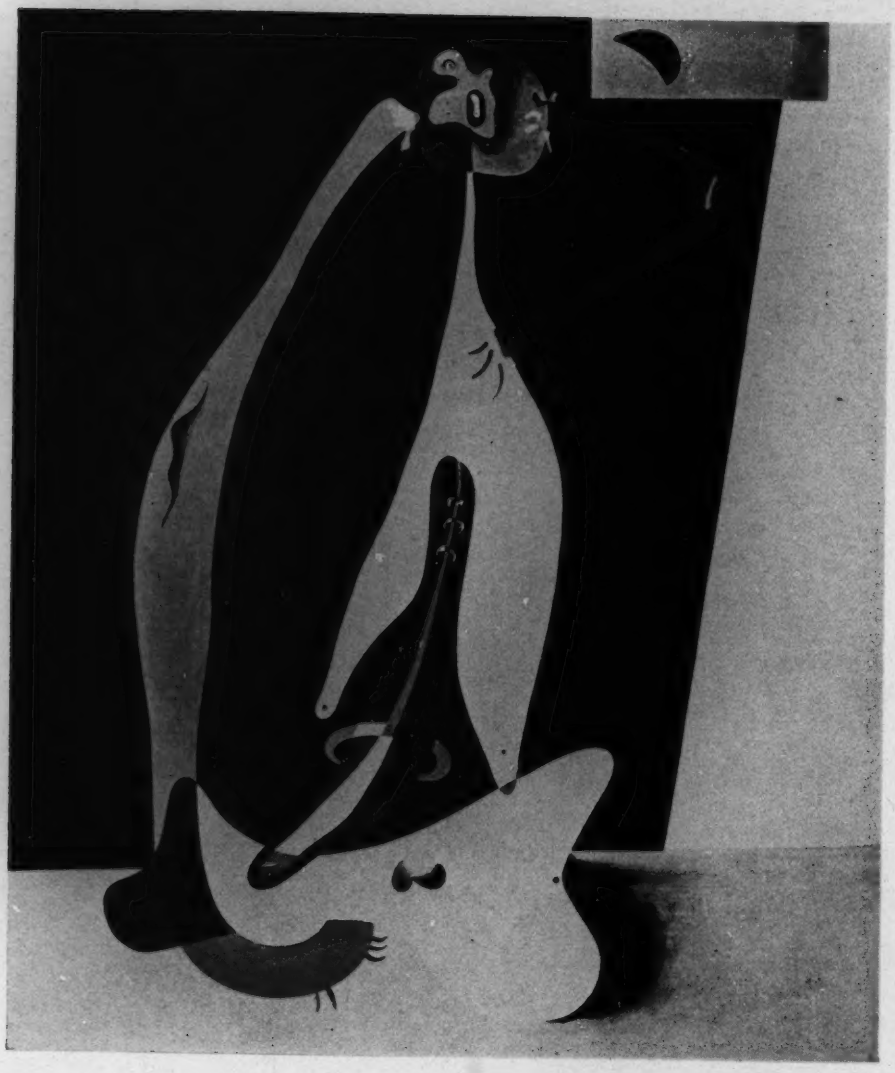
Dessin médianimique: *Le Culte de la beauté,* par Le Goarant de Tromelin.



Morris Hirshfield

Morris Hirshfield *Girl with pigeons* (1942)
(Coll. Janis)

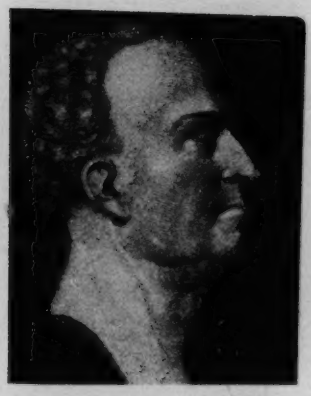
Joan Miró



Joan Miró: *Femme Assise* (1932)

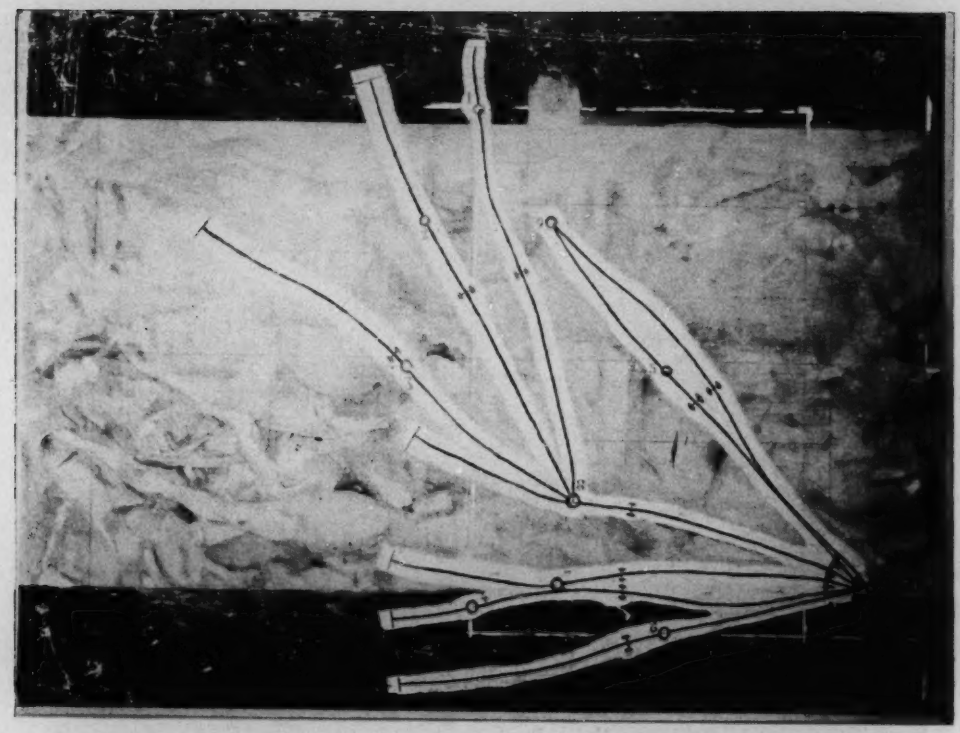
Kurt Séligmann: *The Therpistrites* (1940)

Kurt Séligmann



Giorgio de Chirico

Giorgio de Chirico: *Portrait de Guillaume Apollinaire* (1915)

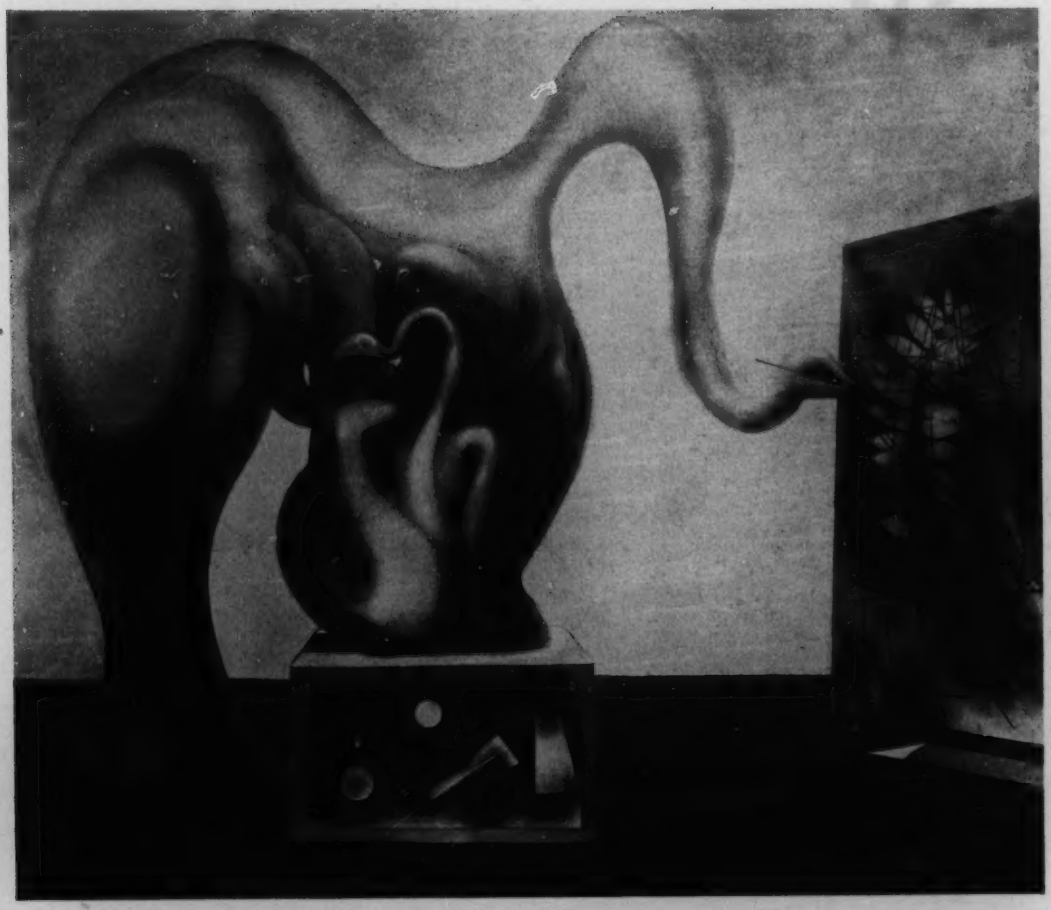


Marcel Duchamp: *Cimetière des Uniformes et Livrées* (1913)
(Coll. Stella)

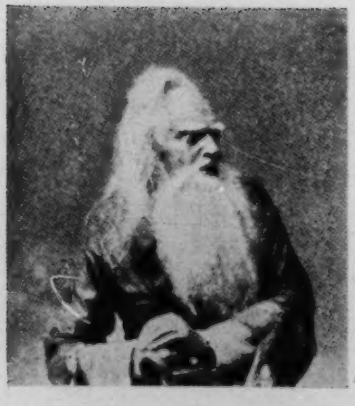
Marcel Duchamp

Matta: *La Terre est un homme* (1942)
(*Coll. Clifford*)

Matta



Max Ernst: *Le Surréalisme et la Peinture* (1942)



Max Ernst

Yves Tanguy: *Dame à l'absence* (1942)

Yves Tanguy

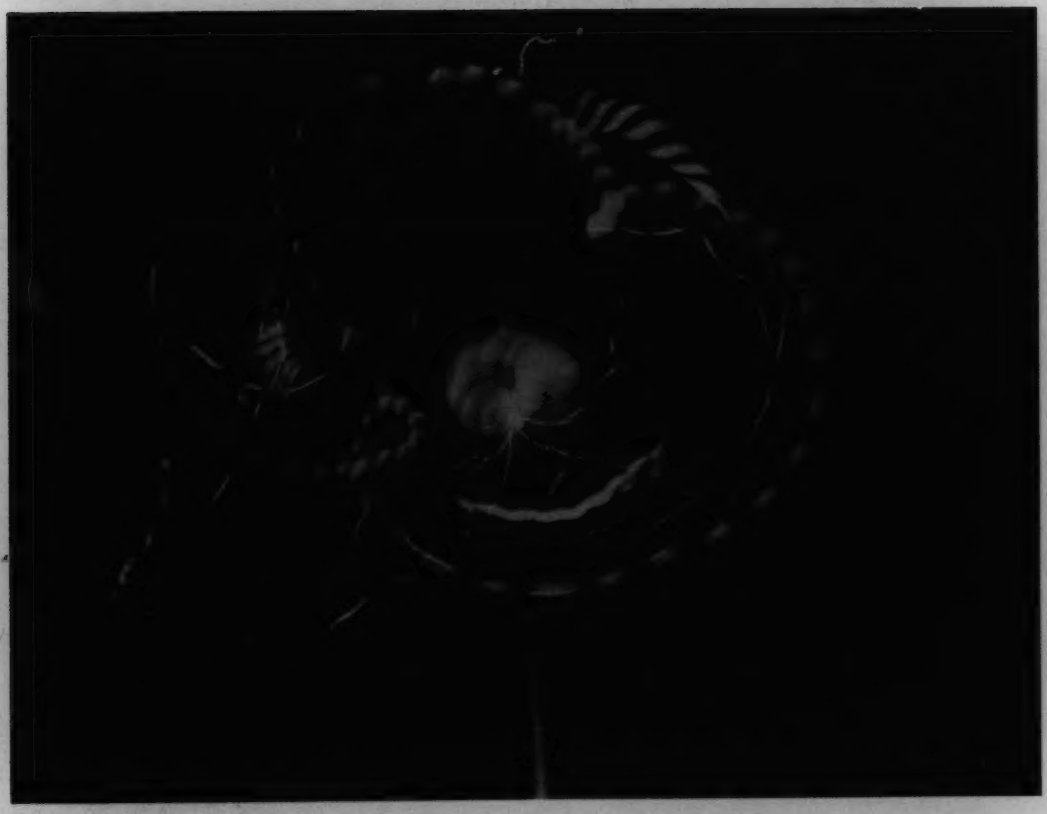
André Masson: *Méditation sur une feuille de chêne* (1942)

André Masson

Kay Sage: *The Fourteen Daggers* (1942)

Kay Sage

Alexander Calder

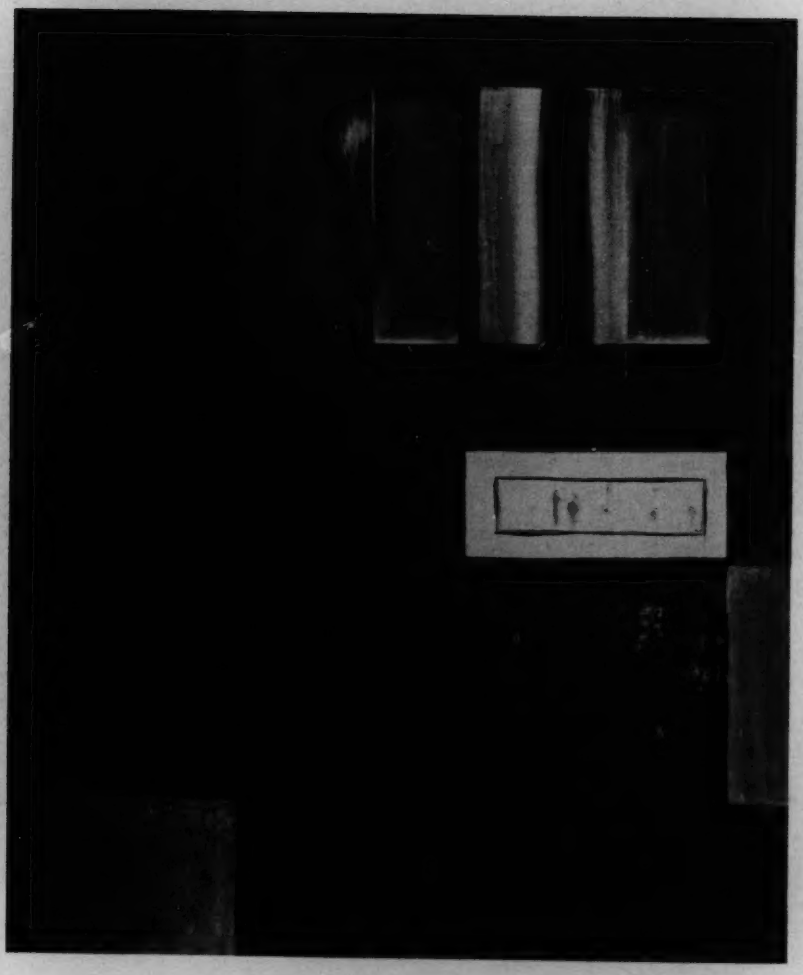


Alexander Calder: *Mobile in Motion* (1941)
(Photo Matter)

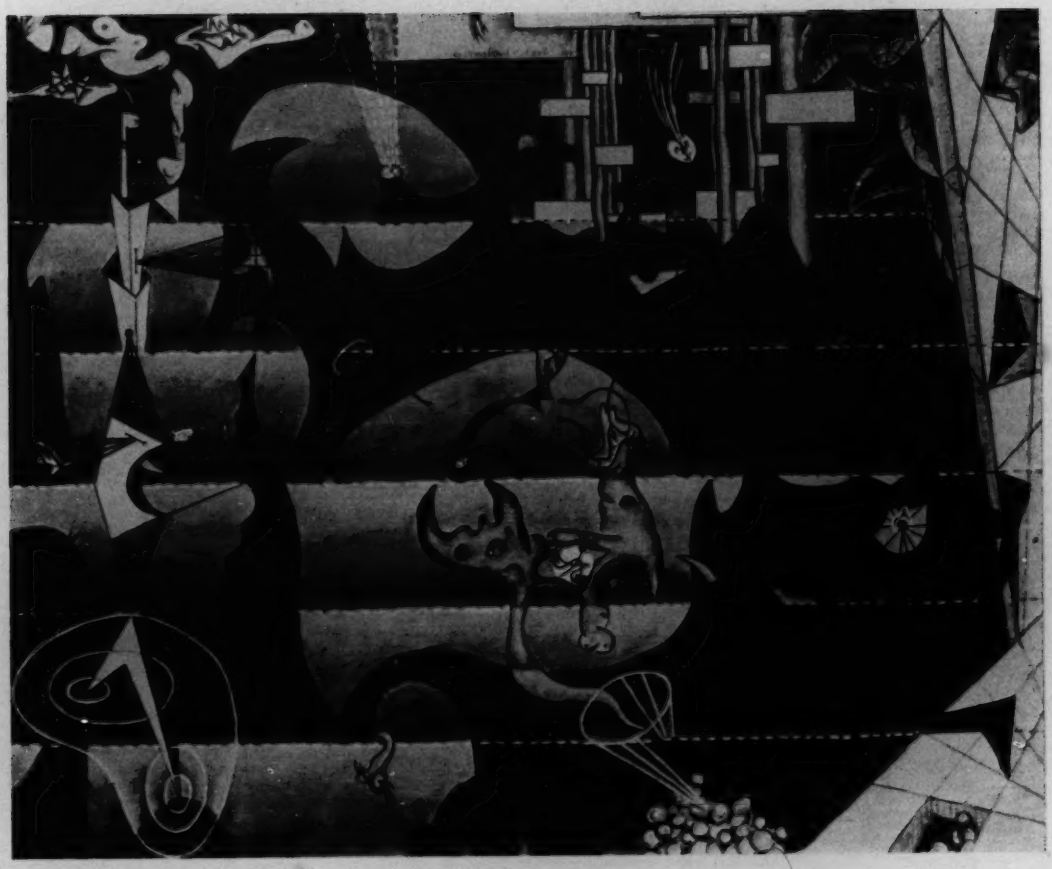
Wifredo Lam: *L'âme extérieure* (1942)
(Coll. Breton)

Wifredo Lam

Oelze: *Archaic Fragment* (1937)
(Coll. Thomas Howard)



Robert Motherwell: *El Miedo de la Obscuridad* (1942)



Gordon Onslow-Ford: *The first five horizons* (1941)